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Brands advertised as absolutely pure
CONTAIN AMMONIA.

THE TEST:
Place a can top down on a hot stove until heated, then remove the cover and smell. A chemist will not be required to detect the presence of ammonia.



DOES NOT CONTAIN AMMONIA.
ITS HEALTHFULNESS HAS NEVER BEEN QUESTIONED.
In a million homes for a quarter of a century it has stood the consumers' reliable test.

THE TEST OF THE OVEN.
PRICE BAKING POWDER CO.,
MAKERS OF
Dr. Price's Special Flavoring Extracts,
The strongest, most delicious and natural flavor known, and
Dr. Price's Lupulin Yeast Gems
For Light, Healthy Bread, The Best Dry B. P.
Yeast in the World.
FOR SALE BY GROCERS.
CHICAGO. ST. LOUIS

BROWN'S
IRON
BITTERS
—THE BEST TONIC.

PHYSICIANS AND DRUGGISTS RECOMMEND IT.

This medicine, combining iron with pure vegetable tonics, quickly and completely cures Dyspepsia, Indigestion, Weakness, Impure Blood, Malaria, Chills and Fevers, and Neuritis.

It is an unfailing remedy for Diseases of the Kidneys and Liver.

It is invaluable for Diseases peculiar to Women, and all who lead sedentary lives. It does not injure the teeth, cause headache, or produce constipation—other Iron medicines do.

It enriches and purifies the blood, stimulates the appetite, aids the assimilation of food, relieves Heartburn and Belching, and strengthens the muscles and nerves.

For Intermittent Fevers, Lassitude, Lack of Energy, &c., it has no equal.

Be sure the genuine has above trade mark and crossed red lines on wrapper. Take no other.

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Fresh every day. All kinds of Cream Candies made to order and sent in one and two pound boxes. Fruits of all kinds.

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Dresses cut and made in the latest styles at reasonable prices. Second street, next door to Bank of Mayville. n266m

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Tinware, Stoneware, Woodenware, &c. Tin Roofing, Guttering, Spouting, and Stove Repairing a specialty. No. 38, Market Street, Taylor's old stand, Mayville, Ky. my3dly

SIMMONS
Medicated Well-Water.
A Specific for DYSPEPSIA and DISEASES of the KIDNEYS.

HAS been used with most gratifying success in many obscure cases. Prof. F. W. Clark, professor of Chemistry at the University of Cincinnati says this water "belongs to the same class with that of the Allegheny Springs, of Virginia," the medicinal virtues of which are too well known to be stated here. Those who desire to try this famous water are referred to Captain C. W. Boyd, Levanah Ohio; Captain C. M. Holloway, Cincinnati, Ohio; J. J. Hinkle, Cincinnati, Ohio. For sale in half barrels and pails by
GUS. SIMMONS, Proprietor,
m26d&wtf Aberdeen, Ohio.

A TRUE LOVER

[J. F. Burton.]
When violets blue begin to blow
Among the mosses fresh and green,
That grow the woodbine roots between,
I take my violet out, and oh!
Those cunning violets seem to know
A sweeter than themselves is nigh;
They greet her with a beaming eye,
And brighten where her footsteps go.

When summer glories light the glade
With gloss of green and gleam of gold,
And sunny sheens in wood and wold,
She loves to linger in the shade;
And such sweet light surrounds the maid,
That somehow, it is fairer far
Where she and those dim shadows are
Than where the sunbeams are displayed.

When every tree relinquisheth
Its garb of green for amber brown,
And all the leaves are falling down,
While breezes blow with angry breath;
With gentle pitying voice she saith:
"Poor leaves! I wish you would not die."
And at the sound they peaceful lie,
And wear a pleasant calm in death.

When winter frosts hold land and sea,
And barren woad and bleak wind
Leave every thought of good behind,
I look upon my love, and she
From thrall of winter sets me free;
And with a sense of perfect rest
I lay my head upon her breast,
And twenty summers shine for me.

MODERN HIGHWAYMEN

Some Incidental Remarks About
Sleeping-Car Porters.

"Chicago Sleeper, Sir!" The Delicate
Flattery and Consummate Dex-
terity of the Porter—The
Highwayman's Weapon.

[Detroit Free Press.]
The railroads are the great highways of the present day. The highwayman, who has long left the slower thoroughfares, now appears as the porter of palace cars. As you pass the ticket gate and come alongside the long line of cars standing engineless, waiting for passengers, you will notice the porter waiting at the steps of the Pullman or Wagner, and as the crowd passes him he reiterates the words:

"Chicago sleeper, sir!"
These words are varied according to the train. It may be Rochester sleeper or Buffalo sleeper, or St. Louis sleeper. He never says "sleeping-car." If you are tired and want to get to bed soon, you say to the highwayman:

"I wish you would make up my berth as soon as possible."

"Which is your berth, sir?"

"Lower three on the Vanuella."

"Very sorry, sir; but three ladies, a sick gentleman and a couple of young men are ahead of you, sir."

As you turn away he says:

"I'll see what I can do for you, sir. I'll do my best, sir."

Later he comes to you and says in a confidential manner—a sort of husky whisper:

"I've managed so as to get your berth made up second, sir. Lower three, I think you said, sir. I always like to oblige an old patron of the road, sir."

This latter phrase is a delicate bit of flattery. He wants you to think that he recognizes you as an old hand. When the train starts it is a busy time for the porter, and he works in rather straitened quarters very deftly. People pass and repass him in the narrow aisle, but his politeness never varies. A dozen are at him to get their berths made up, and with great tact he satisfies them all. His method of working is worth attention. He places the inevitable valise under the seat and draws the sash over it, ranking a bed of the lower berth. Then he lets down the upper shelf and takes out the bed and boards and fits them into place, fastening down the upper shelf so that by no possibility can the lower tenant push it up if he is the only occupant of the section. It would never do to let the lower tenant have so much space for his \$2. He takes out a mattress and spreads it over the lower seat. He goes to the cupboard with a mirror for its door and takes some clean white pillowslips and a couple of sheets therefrom, and holding the slip in his teeth slips the pillow inside. The manner in which he spreads sheets and quilts on the bed is most admirable. The space is very limited and he, with a peculiar and indescribable jerk, lands the sheet just where it belongs. He then turns down the sheet and coverlet in a kind of triangular manner, pulls down the window blinds, flings the books of the long curtains over the brass rod at the top, tucks the corners in and then: "Lower three is ready, sir."

The quickness with which a car full of berths is made up by a porter who understands his business is something marvelous. In the dim watches of the night as you sleeplessly toss on the hard mattress, while the snore of the fat man rises sonorously from lower four, while the jerk of the train's stoppage at some midnight station wakes you from the half-rumbling semi-conscious state into which you have fallen you hear at the end of the car a steady "swish swish." This is the lonely porter's midnight solo on your shoes, the one tangible hook on which he bases his claim for robbing you in the morning.

To try to escape the porter's levy of 25 cents is a practical impossibility. Men have boasted that they had the courage to do so, but no properly authenticated case has ever come to light. It requires an amount of bravery that the average American is not possessed of, let him boast as he may. The highwayman's weapon is not a sword or a pistol, but a little apparently innocuous broom—a clothes broom. He calls you up to the captain's office to settle in the following manner:

"Brush you off, sir!"

"Thank you, I brushed myself off a moment ago."

"There's a lot of dust on the back of your coat yet, sir."

If you still demur he takes your hat and gives it a most vigorous dusting off, gradually leading you off into the dread ante-chamber. Then he lays on Macduff. He dusts you off with energy and precision. He puffs and pants over it and exerts himself very visibly. Then he stands expectant and draws his hand across his heated brow as if he rarely encountered so rough a job. It's

seldom that a man is so hardened as to pass that stage without his hand automatically seeking the quarter that lies dormant in his pants pocket; but grant for the sake of argument that there is a man who can calmly say "Thank you," and take his crimson seat in the car again. The next stage is after this fashion: The porter walks up and down the aisle and stops before you, saying:

"Did I brush you off, sir?"

"You did."

"Ahem. I hope you're satisfied, sir."

"Perfectly satisfied."

A pause.

"I'm glad you're satisfied, sir."

Another pause, during which you feel that the eyes of all the passengers are on you and that you are becoming unpleasantly conspicuous.

"Were your boots blacked to suit you, sir?"

"They were well blacked."

"You see, some like one kind of blacking and some another. I generally give satisfaction, sir; least, I never see no gentlemen complain."

If you make no move at this, the final catastrophe occurs. The highwayman drops all politeness as thrown away on such a boor, thrusts his hand before you while he holds the whip under his left arm, and demands:

"Porter, please."

Then he gets his quarter.

CAPT. ISAAH RYNDERS.

Reminiscences of His Past Life—

Writing a Diary.

[W. A. Croffut.]

Yesterday I dropped in and called on Capt. Isiah Rynders in his library. Black hair, a ruff of brown whiskers, an elastic step and a firm-knit frame make him look 65 instead of the 80 that he is. He closed a book as I went in. "That's done!" he exclaimed; "one more day." In answer to a question he said: "I have written up my diary for yesterday. You see all those black-covered books on that shelf? There is the written record of my life, experiences and observations since 1848—jotted down every morning." I asked him why he did not print a book. "Yes," he said, "I shall put my recollections and my journal in shape and bring out a volume next year. I remember the war of 1812."

As I made other inquiries, he said: "I first saw Jackson when he was president in 1823. Martin Van Buren told me that I could have a good place in the custom house, and that Jackson would like to see me. I told him I would go to Washington if he would give me a letter of introduction to Jackson, explicitly stating that I didn't want any office. He gave me just such a letter, and I went. Old Hickory was a splendid-looking man, with a high, straight head and a heart as tender as a woman's. He and Clay were exactly alike—bold and gentle. He seemed to know something of me, but asked me what my business was. I told him I was owner of my own sloop on the Hudson and wanted to stick to it. I was then 34."

"He praised my decision, but said I could have anything to be had in the New York custom-house. I thanked him and came away. I declined office under Jackson, Van Buren, Pierce and Lincoln (who offered to keep me marshal of Washington during the war), but I was weak enough to accept under Polk and Buchanan, and have always regretted it. Hardly any young man who has anything in him can afford to take office." He told much of Jackson's campaigns, of Webster's speech in reply to Hayne which he heard, and of the history of the Empire club. Rynders is an admirable raconteur, speaking fluently and at times vehemently and rising upon his feet occasionally to illustrate his narrative with gesture. He remembers Aaron Burr, Edgar A. Poe and all of our presidents but one.

It Was the Cat.

[London Lancet.]

Few people are aware of the diseases which result from breathing air infected with the excrements of the domestic cat. Nature, recognizing the morbid influence of this noxious matter, has endowed all the feline tribe with an instinct for burying their feces.

M. Charles Richet has recently communicated to the Academie des Sciences the principal conclusions at which he has arrived. He shows that various phases of blood poisoning are directly traceable to the cause just referred to. Numerous patients were treated by him in the Paris infirmary for certain cutaneous diseases which only yielded to long and skillful treatment. Over 95 per cent. of these he traced to quarters of Paris where cats were kept for absentees, and also for their skins. Most of the occupants of tenements where cats were lodged he found afflicted more or less with cutaneous or glandular disorders, some of whom had died in the hospitals. Some powerful facts were also brought forward from experiments made with dogs and rabbits. Two weeks confinement in infected compartments caused these animals to become feeble and sickly, the cutaneous nerves becoming inflamed and coated with a species of bacteria.

In habitations contaminated with this noxious effluvia Richet recommends the use of chloride of lime or dry earth as remedial agencies; the latter having the advantage of not being expensive. When it is considered that the state of the blood depends mainly on the condition of the air that is received into the lungs at every respiration, it would be needless to enlarge upon the beneficial effects of an atmosphere impregnated with fecal matter which repels even that foulest of all scavengers, the blue bottle.

[Bodie Free Press.]

Mike King came in last evening from Lundy riding the horse that was stolen at the time the Chinawoman was abducted. He states that he recovered the horse through the aid of a couple of Indians, to whom he paid \$30 for their services. The Indians laid in wait at the robber's camp, and at the first opportunity they secured the horse. The next day the outlaw liberated his captive, and stealing another horse from George skipping the country. King now says he is going to vote for Plutes to fill the offices, from constable up.

Change of Pressure.

During sudden changes of temperature siphons containing mineral water become dangerous. A rapid rise of the thermometer will sometimes increase the pressure 100 per cent., and produce violent explosion.

THE NUT HARVEST.

A Large Industry with Brazil, Italy and Other Countries.

Some Facts About the Aristocratic Walnut, the Indigestible Almond, and the Plebeian Peanut—Other Kinds.

[Brooklyn Eagle.]

The most important center of the trade in nuts is New York, and to that city most of the consignments are made. Boston is also doing a good business in this line, and now has a regular line of steamers for ports on the Mediterranean. The English walnut is probably the first in importance, which, by the way, is not English at all. The greater part of these nuts come from Naples and certain French ports. The best walnuts are received from Naples and Grenoble, and about all that are raised in these places find a ready sale in the Empire city. They are in flavor and quality the finest which come into the market, and are carefully husbanded and sent for sale from the nut-producing sections of Italy, Spain and France. All the nuts that can be raised on the little islands which are part of Great Britain are used in England, and there are very few which find a market elsewhere. Hence the so-called English walnut in our markets would be more properly called Italian, French or Spanish walnut. Lately in the state of Massachusetts the people have commenced the cultivation of the walnut, and now many trees are to be seen in various parts of that state.

Brazil nuts, as the name indicates, are from Brazil. There is no record of their being found in any other country. It is said by persons who have visited that land that the trees are beautiful to behold. They are often 100 feet in height, and their foliage is magnificent. They produce a round woody pericarp, often five or six inches in diameter, and sometimes containing as many as twenty-five of the triangular, prism-shaped nuts. The trees bear abundantly, and large quantities are shipped to the trade in New York. On the banks of the Orinoco and in northern Brazil the trees are the most abundant. From the port of Para great quantities are shipped to Europe, and also to the United States. The nuts are cheap and worth in the market in New York from 5 to 6 cents a pound, while English walnuts are worth 10 to 15 cents, and almonds 17 cents. The Brazil nuts are very oily and rich, and it is said that they defeat their own market simply because they are too rich for a small amount of money. As it is very hard to get them thoroughly dry, it is difficult to ship them, and consequently a loss of time and money is sometimes occasioned by the nuts becoming rotten. Another great drawback is that, when put into bags, the heat is so intense that the bags are rotted before the journey is half over. That is one reason why the wholesale dealers in this section of the country keep them in the air as much as possible.

The next nut in importance in the foreign trade is the almond. This is the kernel or seed of the sweet almond. These nuts formerly came from Barbary, but lately they are cultivated in the warm climates of Europe and Asia. In California this nut has been carefully cultivated, and it is expected that in time our full supply will come from that state. Sometimes the trees grow to a height of 300 feet, and the leaves, with those of the cherry and peach tree, contain prussic acid. Almonds are said to be very indigestible, but, even if they were never eaten raw, the sale would be large, as they are much used in fancy conking and confectionery.

Next in line are quoted filberts, which are stated by authorities to be the cousins of our English filberts, the hazelnuts. They evidently belong to the same family, and are extensively raised on the island of Sicily, and formerly large quantities were brought from Spanish ports. They are a great favorite, and in England parties are made up especially to enjoy an evening in eating filberts. They are wholesome, but very oily; the oil is shown as a quick dryer, and is much used by artists and the manufacturers of fine varnishes. The English hazelnuts are, as a crop, insignificant, and are entirely consumed at home; but in California and the southern states the filbert, like the almond and other nuts, is being cultivated by degrees. Filberts, like hazelnuts, are the seed of a shrub or bush generally growing in clusters from five to fifteen feet in height.

The cocoanut is the fruit of the coco palm tree, a native of tropical climates only, and flourishing best on the seashore. The greatest supply to this part of the country comes from the East and West Indies and a few ports in South America.

As much has been said in reference to the foreign nuts, it is proper that our own cultivation should be spoken of. The great American nut at the present time, as it has been in the past, is the peanut. Although it is a great thing to young America, and though no circus tent or cheap variety show would be complete without it, yet it is only a common ground nut. Great quantities of peanuts are shipped from Norfolk, Va., in which section of the country and in the Carolinas, Georgia and Tennessee, they are raised almost exclusively.

Then there are pecan nuts, hickory nuts, butternuts, chestnuts and a variety of other which are all called for in the fall, and the demand is so great that the wholesale dealer finds a ready market for their wares. Already the large dealers are making their purchases, and the warehouses are laden with nuts from all parts of the country.

AT THE ENGINE-HOUSE.

John Brown's Capture—Major Russell's Gallantry.

["Gath's" Interview with Mr. Donovan.]
"I saw John Brown taken out of the engine-house. You must remember that during the night, or rather before the dawn, Col. Lee had the gates of the army opened, and he took the marines in and had sentries planted. In the morning, before it was bright day, the marines made the attack. Failing to beat the doors in with sledgehammers, Col. Lee at the gate, who was standing behind one of the gate-posts, made a signal with his finger. Immediately two lines of marines ran to the flag-

staff in the middle of the yard, where there was a ladder of about forty feet. They seized this and ran against the door, and at the second blow it gave way. Then Brown's men fired and wounded one marine in the face and shot another so that he died. The first persons to appear were the hostages, Lewis Washington came out bowing in the most stately manner left and right, as if he were the hero of the occasion. He was a rather fine looking, portly old fellow. Most of the men with him looked tired and worried.

"The railroad running outside of the grounds had been crowded with people, and when they saw that Brown was captured they dropped off that trestlework and poured into the yard. I got up very close, and my attention was attracted in the first place to old Brown. We had not been sure who he was, but Maj. Russell, one of the storming party, said to me: 'I know that man; he is Ossawatimbe Brown, from Kansas, and this is an abolition raid.'

"Russell," continued Mr. Donovan, "was a gallant fellow, and I never knew what became of him. The other officers there, after the engine-house was entered, struck at Brown with their swords and behaved badly. John Brown, after he was taken to the superintendent's office and put on one side, while the dying marine with the priests attending him was on the other side, heard a shout raised of 'hang him!' He looked up at Russell and said: 'I had you covered with my rifle, sir, and could have killed you, but I spared your life, and I expect you as a United States officer to protect me.' With all the dignity of a gentleman Russell put his hand to his hat, saluted Brown, and said: 'I am obliged to you, sir, for saving my life. As long as I have a life you shall be protected with it.'

"That," said Mr. Donovan, "is one of the little incidents in that long and almost absurd tragedy which I can remember with satisfaction. They were two gentlemen and brave men."

A Prose Poem.

[Merchant Traveler.]

Softly the moon shed its silvery light upon the evening air.

The difference between the moon and a goose is, that the goose sheds feathers. This is less romantic, probably, but good goose feathers are worth 70 cents a pound, more or less.

They stood beneath the silent stars, Arthur and Evangeline; not the goose and the moon. She in the glory of young womanhood, and he in a 500 suit of clothes.

It is astonishing what trust tailors put in manhood.

"Oh, Arthur," she said, "let us flee from this place; from the wrath of an angry father and the torturing taunts of a mercenary mother."

At this season, she should have said, "let us musquitto from this place, etc." but a young woman in love can't tell a flea from a musquitto, and we must not censure too severely.

"But it is possible, Arthur. We can fly beyond the sea, the deep blue sea, which lies between us and happiness, and beneath the sunny skies of Italy in the dolce far niente of that lotus land we may build about us a beautiful palace whose foundation shall be love, and whose superstructure shall be the perfection of earthly bliss."

The girl had spent all her chewing-gum money on 10-cent novels, and all her time in playing Pauline in an amateur dramatic club.

"Ah, darling, the picture you paint is too lovely for realization," he waived.

Of course he knew she painted. Any fellow can tell that when he gets close to a girl.

"Why, love? Oh, Arthur, why?"

"Because, dearest," he agonized clear down to the knees of his pants, "I haven't money enough to buy tickets across the briny, and the walking on that road calls for gum shoes, which I am also unable to put up collaterals for during the present depressed condition of trade."

"Be trade!" she shrieked, and they parted forever.

The First Magnetic Engine.

[Boston Globe.]

"Do you know that I built the first magnetic engine and train of cars ever successfully run in this country?" said one of the exhibitors at the Mechanics' fair one day last week. This was a starter, and further information was requested.

"Oh, I made merely a working model, but I illustrated my principle and that was all I wanted. The mystery about my motor power was what caught the public, and no one knows to-day how it was run. I'll tell you, though. First I constructed an engine complete. I made it out of stiff brown paper with steel running gear. Then I made a train, baggage, Pullman and common passenger cars, elegantly painted. Why, they made a pretty show just standing still. Next I fixed up a circular track on a large cloth-covered table, and when I put that train on that table it would start and spin around as if the deuce was after it. Nobody knew what made it go, and some people were actually afraid of it."

"Your motors must have been very delicate to be concealed so nicely."

The inventor laughed. "People used to handle the cars without finding them," he said.

"Where were your wires?"

"I didn't use any. I never made a practical thing of my invention; I simply wanted to construct a scientific puzzle."

"It couldn't have been a very expensive motor."

"It was, though. My engineer's fees cost me something."

"Engineer's fees! An engineer to run a railroad train you could hold on your arm!"

"Don't get confused, friend. Under that table was a powerful magnet swinging on a pivot. My 'engineer' was a small boy I hired to turn the crank. I said I constructed the first magnetic railway, not the first electric."

Smith—Jones refuses to pay a little debt he owes me, and I want you to bring suit against him for the money.

Lawyer—All right, but lawyers, you know, always expect something in the way of a retainer.

Smith—Certainly; how much will it be?

Lawyer—About \$50, I guess.

Smith—Fifty dollars! Why, Jones only owes me \$25.

Lawyer—O, well, call it \$25 then.